

## THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

By DANIEL RICHE  
Translated by William L. McPherson

MARC had come to visit his grandmother, whom he had not seen since he was a child. When he passed the gate of her country place he was struck at once by the beauty of the park, surrounding a big house in no particular style which they called the chateau. The park was superb, with its spreading lawns, its beautiful beds of hortensias, its majestic trees, under whose shade ran a clear, swift stream.

His mother had said to him: "You will see how pretty and how restful it is at the chateau. You will recall as you walk under the elms that I, too, walked under them when I was a girl. Be nice to your grandmother. Stay with her as much as you can. The poor old lady has had so little attention from us."

Marc had given his promise, and now that he had arrived, after a long and trying trip, he didn't regret it. It seemed to him that he could spend his whole life agreeably on this vast estate.

Nevertheless, since one gets tired of everything, when the young man had thoroughly familiarized himself with his surroundings and had met all the neighbors he began to find the days long and the evenings dull. So, to occupy his vacant hours, he dreamed of a young beauty, blond or dark (he hadn't determined which) with whom he walked slowly, hand-in-hand, under the shade of the century-old trees and exchanged tender words of love, to the accompaniment of the songs of the turtle doves hidden in the branches. It was poetical and it was charming!

One afternoon when he was prowling about the house he discovered, in a boudoir which he had never entered before, a photograph which seemed to have been left there inadvertently. It showed the head of a young girl, oval and regular in shape, and with laughing eyes. The portrait caught the young dreamer's fancy immediately. He kept looking at it with infinite satisfaction.

Whose photograph was it? It resembled none of the young girls to whom his grandmother had presented him. However, some one from this out-of-the-way neighborhood must be the original. The style in which the hair was worn, not very modern, was certainly contrived. Why had his grandmother not spoken to him about her? Why had she not let him meet her, since the girl of the picture was so much superior to all the others who had been brought to his attention? It was strange! Very strange!

Marc was about to leave the room when he noticed near the portrait a delicately embroidered handkerchief saturated with an up-to-date perfume. The fine batiste was slightly rumpled, and the young man, without being a Sherlock Holmes, concluded that the pretty girl of the photograph must have left it there.

On tip-toe, so as not to attract the unknown's attention and allow her to escape, he began to explore the neighboring rooms. He opened each door with extreme precaution, hoping always to surprise her in some new retreat. He spent the rest of the day thus, searching the house from cellar to attic.

That evening, tired, disappointed and full of bitterness against his grandmother for keeping from him the lady of his thoughts, he went up to the boudoir and took possession of the picture and the handkerchief. Then, with a beating heart, he planted himself before his grandparent, who was sitting in the embrasure of a tall window, knitting for the poor.

"Why," he asked roughly, "did you keep from me the fact that we do not live alone in the chateau, that a young girl is in hiding here, if, indeed, she is not imprisoned?"

At this apostrophe the old lady let her knitting fall into her lap. Pushing back her glasses, she looked in amazement at her grandson.

"What are you talking about, my boy? A young girl imprisoned in my house? You are mad!"

"I am in my right mind. You know that I would fall in love with her, for she must be as perfect as she is pretty, and since you don't want me to marry her, you have locked her up."

"But I tell you, my child, that I don't understand what you are saying."

He hastily threw on the old lady's knees his two pieces of evidence.

"Here is her picture; here is her handkerchief. I want to see her right away!"

In an imperious tone he added:

"Right away, you hear, or I shall tell the police!"

The grandmother, much puzzled, took the photograph, looked at the handkerchief, shook her head and smiled:

"Why, my boy, here is the person whom you want to marry, on whose account you threaten me with the police, and whom you have been searching for all day! You have put yourself to a lot of useless trouble. For the beauty with whom you fell in love is before you—old, white haired and wrinkled."

"How so?"

"It is my photograph, my dear child, taken when I was sixteen years old, and the handkerchief is one which I carried at my wedding. Sometimes I perfume it and breathe in the fragrance. I close my eyes and see again all my happy past."

Marc felt his eyes bulging with surprise. Could his grandmother, so shrivelled up, so parchment-like, have been that pretty girl?

Dropping into a chair, aghast and disappointed, he cried:

"Oh! Grandmother! It was you! Ah! That's too bad. I loved her. I really loved her—that beautiful, mysterious girl!"

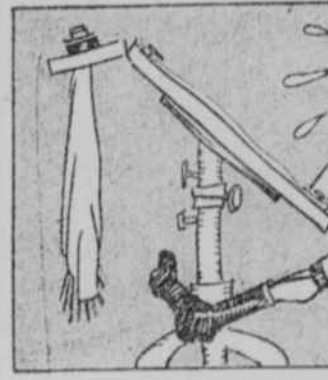
Seeing him bend over and hide his face in his hands, the good old lady got up and threw her thin, emaciated arms about him:

"Don't cry," she said softly, "and have no regrets. In a single day you have had what there is best in love—its perfumed dream!"

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# East Side, West Side, All Around The Town

Local showers from the pen of Jefferson Machamer



FRESH air funds are not all inclusive, and the breath of that country ozone which a lucky "feller's" share of the fund allows doesn't make it a summer for him any more than one swallow. The rest of the hot season he has opportunity to test the theory advanced that New York, after all, is the best summer resort of the lot. If that theory is to be conclusively proved, you must look to the small boy to do it.

If anybody keeps cool, he does. He wears as little as possible, seeming to realize that according to all masculine conventions he must swathe and swelter in a few years. It is as if his fortune had been told and the seer had predicted: "I see a dark, heavy suit coming

into your life; also, a stiff hat, a collar, ditto a necktie and other burdensome accessories." Of course, he swims, though not so often as an inland cousin would think a feller would who had so many rivers and oceans and things around. But it's one thing to have 'em and another to get to 'em. It may take only a nickel to arrive, but once at the shore, there's the matter of costume, disposition of clothes and other affairs irrelevant at old swimming holes. However, there are docks and creeks where coats of tan are enough.

But often salt water swims are out of the question and the small East Sider, for instance, must leave recreation in the briny deep to the sidewalk store's subs of dill pickles.

But a feller has the cooling showers, which may be subdivided into three classifications: elemental, parental and Fire Departmental. The first two, of course, are no darn 'fun at all. The first is likely to involve overshoes and umbrellas and the second means soap and the harassing of ears in the rear. But the third—ah!

The large standpipes with overhead showers set up in the streets near firehouses are the life. Anything is worn from overalls or underclothes to the attire which a feller had on at the moment—attire which was destined for a washing, any way, some day soon when mother got around to it. Towels may be had at home if a feller isn't dry by the time he arrives. It is not the thing to carry soap. To those being showered, the turning on of the cold water is more impressive than the opening of any other inland waterway.

## FRITZ LEARNS WHAT WE EAT

By MARIE C. CHOMEL

IF A FEW thousands of America's best would only come over here and help us up Germany's wine crop, what a relief would be to those of us who have no one to guzzle a bottle with every meal.

Say you do not want wine, repeat it and serve it—the waiter just stands there and looks at you. It does not percolate into your head that you really mean it. So he turns over another page of his wine list and begins to read late.

"Try a little moselle," he says, in a wheedling tone. "Or a bottle of this goo-goo wine. Then, what will you drink? Water? Oh, a bottle of mineral water. Plain water, say. Do you mean p-l-a-i-n w-a-t-e-r?"

The Quakers who are here in Berlin as the agency for the American Relief Administration are the only people I know who have planned out a system that honestly works. They have established the plan (now recognized in all restaurants) of adding a small note to their bill, in lieu of the waiter's profit on the wine. The Quakers, it should be noted, are all volunteers, acting without pay.

Last night I unconsciously gave the waiter a shock that nearly did for him. I ordered fried ham. For Sunday night dinner, I heard right. Did I really mean it? I did I desire fried eggs as well? When requested to add cauliflower, his mannerly said that he'd see the thing through, though he doubted if any good German had ever such an adventure.

The simple truth was that I could not find a single word of that horrible bill of fare when an American is in doubt he orders ham. Besides its reliability, his ham. All about me were people eating a interminable course dinners in which he reveals. About two such dinners—and I take it away.

Yesterday the waiter became quite eloquent in his recommendation of strawberries. He agreed—he would have them washed. Oh, certainly. He explained that a finger was provided with fruit, and the finicky person might dip his own. Still, if he wished them washed—

Decidedly, madam did. So the waiter reached over for a finger bowl and began to dip the berries.

"No, no; wash them. Take them to the kitchen and turn the water on them."

The waiter disappeared. In a few minutes he came with a broad grin and displayed a berries. He agreed that madam was right insisting on having the berries washed, for he had found a surprising lot of dirt. Depending behind a screen, he returned bearing glass fruit dish.

"Here's the water in which the berries were cleansed, and madam can see for herself it's dirty it is."

The berries were most alluring, and at a deal was made with the waiter to wash other dish of them. "We strive to please Americans," is that man's motto.

At the next table sat a dignified Englishman. He was something official, and when I spoke English, offered a courteous remark. My berries arriving, he glanced at them and noted that they had their stems removed, while his had not.

"Mine have been washed," I explained. "Oh, now, you have quite spoiled things for me; I shan't be able to eat mine," he said, disconsolately.

He looked so like a rueful child that I suggested he have his berries bathed. A fine idea, and he brightened up.

I should like to know where Continental Europe gets the idea that Americans live by eggs alone. I dislike eggs exceedingly, yet have eaten dozens of them—perhaps because I am too tender hearted to endure the disappointment of waiters who are always so positive I do want eggs, even when I assure them solemnly that I do not want eggs. The waiter looks at you sorrowfully, says "No eggs?" and then hopefully suggests some eggs.

"No eggs. Bring bacon."

"Bacon and eggs," brightening up. And so you give it up and accept the inevitable—and the eggs.

Perhaps this seems to be quite a good deal of talk about waiters. But it is not too much considering the important part they—and eating—play in the European's daily life. How they manage to eat so much and so often is one of the fascinating puzzles Europe offers to Americans abroad. And it is not difficult to understand why they become skeptical of restaurants of the expensive hotels tell only half the story. Those who are eating the big meals to-day are the profiteers from every country in the world. One has only to listen to the babel of tongues.

As a rule, American tourists order plain food, in contrast to the natives, who begin with hard-boiled eggs with mayonnaise, add a bunch of radishes, cold meat—and then order a regular meal.

Fancy having the waiters wheel three tables each three feet square, over to your place in the restaurant for you to choose hors d'oeuvre. It's like an inspection of an enormous deli-tesse counter.

In the afternoon the cafés and coffee-houses are crowded. Apparently every person who has the price of a drink—of the fancy cake—visits an open air café late in the afternoon. Yesterday, after watching a gay, laughing drinkers I went to a place where another kind of group was having something to drink. Hundreds of nursing and expectant mothers stood in line at the American kitchen for their hot drink—a steaming bowl of cocoa. They did not look much like the café crowds, those shabby, patched-

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY